A contraueriye byt wene a louer and a Jaye.

Thoughe laureate poetes in olde antyquyte
Fayned fables vnder clowdy sentence
yet some intytuled fruytfull moralyte
Some of loue wrote greate circumstaunce
Some of cheualrous actes made remembraunce
Some as good philosophers naturally endyted
Thus wysely and wytly theyr tyme they spended.

Ouyde of loue made matters wonderfull
Good to be knowen for eschewynge more euyll
But Calaunce and Tybull with style moche paynfull
Tenderly wrote of loue delectable
Gallus and Sappho ben nothynge profytable
For yonge folkes to rede of lusty courage
Lest they be tangled in Venus bondage

Chaucer floure of rethoryke eloquence
Compyled bookes pleasaunt and meruayllous
After hym noble Gower expert in scyence
Wrote moralytees harde and delycyous
But Lydgates workes are fruytefull & sentencyous
Who of his bookes hathe redde the fyne
He wyll hym call a famous rethorycyne

Yonge Steuen Hawse whose soule god pardon
Treated of loue so clerkely and well
To rede his werkes is myne affeccyon
Whiche he compyled of Labell pusell
Remembrynge storyes fruytfull and delectable
I lytell or nought expert in poetry
Of lamentable loue hathe made a dytty.

In an arbere
Late as I were
The foules to here
Was myne entente
Syngynge in fere
With notes clere
They made good chere
On bowes bente
Theyr tewnes swete
Moued me to slepe
Ferther to flete
I coude not restrayne
To take my rest
We thought it best
It was my lust
Styll to remayne
The floures flourysshed
The trees burnysshed
The odoure me nourysshed
With greate suauyte
That styll I laye
All the longe daye
In sporte and playe
By longes of melody
We thought in sombre
I harde a louer
Without recouer
Cryenge alas.

My lorde vnkynde
That dyd me bynde
Hathe chaunged her mynde
For no trespas.
With rewfull songe
His handes he wronge
Endurynge longe
His herte was thro.
Bothe erthe and heuen
With planettes seuen
Myght here his steuen
Where he dyd go
His coloure reed
Was pale as leede
Lyke asshes deed
For greuous payne
In herte can dare
And lothely fare
In greatter care
Was neuer man.
His herte was fayate
For greate complaynte
His heere he rente
Without pyte
And fell to the grounde
Often tymes that stounde
With mortall wounde
He cryed on hye
Amator.
O herte vnfayne.

Thou may complayne
Of thy lemman
And lady swete.
For lacke of comforte
Or goodly sporte
Thou must resorte
And wayle and wepe
¶ O paynes outtragyous
Greate and contagyous
No myrthe solacyous
Maye you abbate
But euer to renewe
And euer to extewe
She is vntrewe
Alacke alacke.
¶ O inwarde sorowe
Bothe euen and morowe
Saynt George to borowe
Thou hast greate wronge
Without on thought
Auaylynge nought
For loue hath wrought
The in suche thronge
¶ O wonderfull loue
That me dyd moue
Without reproue
¶ Of thought vntrue
O loue rygh clene
As Phebus beme
Syth the fyrste tyme

That I the knewe
O lone constrayned
O loue soze payned
O loue not fayned
O loue of lykynge
Where is thy solace
Where is thy maystres
Where is thy gladnes
Where is thy swetynge
O gentell floure
Reclayme thy paramoure
Wounded ryght soze
With loues launce
Reclayme reclayme
And thynke no shame
Exyle dyldayne
From your remembzaunce
Lette pyte lede
your womanhede
And mercy guyde
your tendze acte
O famous pucell
Weke courteys and gentell
Semynge to be ryght well
Of noble parentage
Retourne retourne
Beholde I mourne
Was neuer none bozne
That loue moze greued
Full lytell ywys.

What payne it is
To loue vnloued
Alas o nature
Why dyd ye fygure
So fayre a creature
Of flesshe and bone
Excepte that she
To loue wolde plye
And haue pyte
On her true man
O cupyde kynge
Of loue and louynge
Greate is thy werkynge
And vyolent powre
Constrayne constrayne
To me agayne
Myne owne lemman
And paramoure
O venus hyghe
Of goddes chefe
Beholde my grefe
And wofull chere
Redresse my smerte
And cause my swete herte
Shortely reuerte
To her prysonere
O mervaylous fortune
That hath domynyon
And in thy bandon
Euery lyuynge wyght

Helpe to preuayle
My paynfull trauayle
I wepe and I wayle
Bothe daye and nyght
¶ Syth you me brought
To loue vnsought
My thynke you ought
By reason good.
To wounde her sore
With dyntes of armoure
That pyte poore
May chaunce her mode
¶ O dethe do swarue
My herte vayne to carue
That I may sterue
My lyfe is lorne
He fell in swowne
Recouerynge soone
He set hym downe
Under o thorne

¶ The auctoure.
¶ The byrdes aboute
Sange in a route
With tewnes stoute
Of armony.
Hym to aswage
Fallynge in rage
Of loues bondage
For his lady.

His mortall payne
But dyd complayne
With heuynesse
Alas sayd he
What cause hath she
Unkynde to be
For no trespace
¶ Graculus loquitur amatori.
¶ In that affraye
A Jangynge Jaye
Sange on a spraye
Bothe to and fro
Thou carefull man
That dothe complayne
In herte vnfayne
Why doest thou so
¶ Amator.
¶ With wofull chere
And sorowes fere
Was nought afere
Trouthe to reporte
That vnkyndnesse
Of his maystresse
Was paynfulnesse
Without comforte
¶ Graculus.
¶ To sette thy mynde
On one vnkynde
Thy wyttes were blynde
yet nevertheless

Do̅ way be ſtyll
For after trouble
Cometh Joyfulneſſe
¶Exyle deſpayre
To myrth repayre
For ſorowe and care
Auayleth nought
To good requeſt
Be alwaye preſt
For wytte is beſt
Whan it is bought
¶Amator.
¶Her beaute pure
And countenaunce demure
Is prynted ſure
In myne herte rote
No remedy
But I muſt dye
Without that ſhe
Wyll be my bote
¶With greate tourment
And ſyghes feruent
I make complaynte
To god aboue
Was neuer Wyght
So dolefully dyght
By daye nor nyght
And all for loue
¶Erly or late
No reſt I take

But for her lake
Mourneth styll
Trustynge for grace
But none can purchace
Adue alas God knoweth my Wyll

¶Graculus.

¶Syth fortunes chaunce
Hath made instaunce
The to auaunce
In venus playe
Beware agayne
Of false dysdayne
That with gyle and trayne
Wyll the betraye
¶Whan thou weenest leest
And trustyth best
Thou shalte be fyrst
Deceyued in dede
For loue is vayne
And neuer certayne
But full of payne
And foly to mede
¶Loue is delycyous
Loue is prymrose
Loue is more precyous
Than golde and topasyon
Loue is a prety cage
For fowles of tender aege
Loue is but dotage
When we haue all done
¶Loue is greate pleasure

To euery yonge creature
Loue is treasure
That wasteth faste
Loue is comfortable
Loue is ofte varyable
Loue is deceyuable
And nought at the laste
¶What thynge is loue
That so dothe moue
Fayne wolde I proue
How it dothe come
Nothynge loue is
But nature I gesse
And from nature it comes
By faythfull affeccyon
¶Thoughe nature moue
And bydde the loue
yet wyldome wolde proue
Or it be hote
Whan fortune lowre
Dothe on the lowre
Thou geteste an ore
In cocke lorels bote
¶Auyse the well
And take good counsell
Thou haste fre wyll
To rule and guyde
For loue is daungerous
False and contagyous
And as sure as a mouse
Tyed at a thryde

¶I can not contrary
But mannes moost felycyte
Is close in semynyte
But affeccyon naturall
yet trewly it is but foly
To loue contynually
A thynge that is transytory
And not perpetuall
¶Thou mayst take en sample
Of Graundamoure and Gryseyll
Jason and Jsaphyll
Ferther to pursewe
Of Tysbe and Pyramys
Heleyne and Parys
Scylla and Mynoys
That were louers trewe
¶What is become
Of Phylys and Demophon
Alcumena and Alphytyon
With many thousandes mo
Pollyxena and Achylles
Dyanyra and Hercules
Where is theyr greate gladnes
And amyable Joye
¶Where is Semele and Jocasta
Cleopatre and Jronya
Semyramys and Syluya
So fayre of fauoure
What auayleth the beauteousnesse
Of Medea and Lucresse
Syth all thynge is vanytees

And fadeth as a floure
¶Whyle fortune was frendely
And tourned her whele kyndely
They had moche felycyte
In loue and lykynge
Greate was theyr affeccyon
In carnall delectacyon
Now are they all gone
For all theyr louynge
¶Penelope was faythfull
Cyrcys was deceytfull
Nobe was carefull
And Hester was good
Theyr pageandes are paſt
And ours waſteth faſt
Nothynge dothe aye laſt
But the grace of god
¶Therfore well conſyder
This worldes Joye is flyder
Nothynge is more ſweter
And decayeth ſo ſoone
With reaſon be contente
For fere thou repente
To my counſayle conſente
And lette loue alone

¶Amator.

¶O fowle of fayrenesſe
Swete are thy ſtoryes
That thou doeſt expreſſe
To me in doloure
Yet neuertheleſſe

Nature is reuyue
And woundeth me doubtlesse
With dyntes of amoure
¶ I knowe ryght well
No loue is durable
Whan fortune mutable
Tourneth her face
On wretches to wythe
And her power kythe
Be they wrothe or blythe
She chaungeth theyr solace
¶ yet my poore herte
Can not awaye sterte
From the penetrable darte
Of blynde Cupido
His doughter wyll
Woundeth me styll
With paynes vnmedsynable
Where euer I go
¶ Thus am I wrapped
And in wo vmbelapped
Suche loue hath me trapped
Without ony cure
Syr Tristram the good
For his lemman Isoude
More sorowe neuer bode
Than I do endure
¶ Lam Well and Lamarocke
Gawayne and Launcelotte
Garathe and Craddocke
With the table rounde

Syr Beuys/syr Eglamoure
Syr Terry/syr Tryamoure
In moze greuous doloure
Was neuer in bounde
¶Phedza and Theseus
Pzogne and Thereus
Pasyphe and Taurus
Who lyketh to pzoue
Canace and Wacharеus
Galathea and Pamphylus
Was neuer moze dolozous
And all foz true loue
¶Dydo and Deydamya
Leda and Lanynya
Warra and Weduſa
And Comyzys ſo hynde
Candacys and Cyzene
Calyſto and Cydyppe
Was neuer none lyke me
In trewe herte and mynde
¶Creuſa and Cletemneſtra
Smylax and Latona
Bybles and Atalanta
Of arcady the quene
Daphnys Hypermeſtra
Dyzce and Cloylea
Hypolyte and Dyana
All theſe louers hath ben
¶I haue ſerched of late
Many poete laureate
That dyuers bookes dyd make

And storyes regystred
Yet in comparyson
Of my true affeccyon
Scarsely can I fynde one
Syth Troylus reygned
¶ That was trewe and faythfull
In loue that is paynfull
Without fraude dysceytfull
Or preuy stryfe
Therfore as I fynde
I wyll shewe my mynde
Ryght fewe of Grysyldes kynde
Is now lefte on lyue
¶ This worlde is altered
Condycyons are chaunged
As is dayly proued
By trewe experyencery
Trust is now treche
And loue is but lechery
All thynges decayeth dayly
Without repentaunce.
¶ Thoughe I more speke
My herte wyll breke
So loue wyll wreke
On me with tene
Fare well delectacyon
Welcome my fortune
I must be content with reason
As other hath ben
¶ Graculus.
¶ For thy dystresse
the louer and.

And heuynesse
I wyll expresse
In wordes playne
That women fraylle
Are seldome leale
The trouthe to tell
I wyll not layne
¶ They wyll consente
And soone repente
It is them lente
And gyuen by nature
Therfore beware
To proue ouer ferre
For to loues daungere
They wyll the flatter
¶ Theyr wordes softe blandysshynge
Are quaynte with flaterynge
And with countenaunce faynynge
They can make it nyse
Couered aboue falsely
Forgynge fraudes craftely
That they haue brought many
To a fooles paradyse
¶ Lyke serpentes furyous
Amonge floures odyous
Theyr venym hydeous
Remayneth styll
The leugre appereth
The gall behynde leueth
What man that proueth
Shall lyke them full yll

¶ Theyr speche is amyable
Theyr hertes are chaungeable
Theyr myndes are varyable
With mutabylyte
They are worthy no prayse
They are so tempred with all wayes
And as Guydo sayes
They are neuer in suretye
¶ In teres they seme carefull
And inwardly they are dysceytfull
Ryght fewe that be faythfull
For sykernes
They wyll speke fayre outwarde
And thynke the contrary
Thus do they alwaye vary
With all doublenesse
¶ Recorde of Cresyde
Whome Troylus loued
And was sore payned
Chauser dothe tell
Her loue was fayned
And wrothly chaunged
And gyuen to Dyomede
With grekes to dwell
¶ Who trusteth them best
He shall be the fyrst
Desceyued I trust
By fortune euen
Than may he go
Where he came fro
With sorowe and wo

Jacke vnwyuen
Ofte tymes they ſmyle
In loues ſtyle
And dothe begyle
yonge louers faynte
With ſpoztes and playes
But now a dayes
He that trewth ſayes
He ſhall be ſhente
Uery fewe oz none
Is content With one
But as the mone
Oftentymes they chaunge
Therfoze lette a man
Do as well as he can
Foz lytell bzytayne
Is no graunge
Serche ſcrypture and polycy
Cronycle and phyloſophy
The fraudes of femynyte
With gylefull trayne
Hathe bzought to confuſyon
Many a chefe champyon
As Hampſon and Halomon
Whoſe ſtozyes are playne
Dauyd the conquerour
Aryſtotle the phyloſopher
Hercules and Arthure
With many other mo
Defamed Was craftely
Thzughe womens frayſte

Anſwere lette vs ſe
Is it not ſo
CMany cytees and townes
Many countrees and regyons
Many Erles Dukes and Barons
Deſtroyed hathe ben
Many a kynge and Emperoure
And bolde knyghtes of aduenture
Hathe dyed with doloure
And all for women
CPryamus and Parys
Hector and Achylles
Patraclus and Palomydes
Dyepholus a roy
Many a noble freke
Of Aſye and of Greke
For fayre Helcyns ſake
Was ſlayne at the ſyege of troy
CHow ſholde I more wryte
Or yet endyte
My herte dothe wepe
To thynke therupon
what myſchefe what murmure
what ſlaundre and manſlaughter
what dyſdayne and what murdre
That hathe ben for women
CFerther to procede
We thynke no nede
To regyſtre in dede
Theyr propertees peryllous
yet who wolde here

¶ Wo craftes of them lere
Lette hym rede and lere
Guydo and Secundus
¶ Thus in conclusyon
Women are confusyon
And fynall destruccyon
To man at the ende
Yet shame it is
To blame them doubtlesse
For as clerkes sayes
They haue it of kynde
¶ Therfore remembre
Theyr yonge ages tendre
That to loue is egre
With lusty courage
To loue in youthe
Is pleasure ynoughe
And in age forsothe
It is but dotage
Trust not theyr wordes
Nor mery bourdes
For knyghtes and lordes
Deceyued haue ben
They are ofte mutable
They are false and varyable
Therfore trust them but lytell
For all theyr fayre eyen
¶ Take comforte good
And chaunge thy mode
For by the swete rode
They tourne as the wynde

On the lee I haue bene
And many Ieoperdyes sene
What nede I moze to rehyn
Thou knowest my mynde
¶Remembze well I saye
I must awaye
Palled is the daye
I maye not abyde
She toke her flyght
And flewe foz the ryght
And the wofull Wyght
Fast after yede
¶The auctoure.
¶With that I awoke
And toke my booke
Theron to loke
Was my solace
Lyke as I herde
I was not aferde
But wozde by wozde
I wzote this treatyse
¶Finis.

¶Lenuoye of the auctoure.
¶Go lytell booke With rudenes replete
Pzesente the humbly befoze lecture lytterall
Excul ynge thy maker by Way oz by strete
And pzonounce thy sentence w̄ language lyberall
Praye them to cozrecte thy paynes rustycall
Foz made thou Was of shozte aduysement
By meruayllous instaunce of a louer verament

¶ Jayned thou arte with wordes obprobryous
Regystrynge the actes and propertyes of women
That some men wyll Judge the tenuyous
Naye truely than were he to blame
This is his mynde and entendement certayne
Where as they rede and fynde them gylty
Lette them amende/this counsayle gyueth he

¶ Who lyketh thy sentence and pondereth it ryght
Conjectynge well in his remembraunce
Knowe may he truely that by a lady bryght
Thou was compyled by pastymes pleasaunce
Suche great vnkyndnesse whiche caused daryaūce
Was shewed to a louer called. F. C.
Her name also begynneth with. A. B.

¶ Thus endeth the treatyse of the louer and a Jaye lately compyled by me Thomas Feylde.

¶ Jmprynted at London in Fletestrete at the sygne of the Sonne by Wynkyn de Worde.